

Time Works

[Part One]

VANNET: (a woman) You want to know about the Clockwork Men? You'll know about them soon enough. We work in their shadow, every tick and tock of our lives. We hear them in the workings of the Great Clock. Tick, tock, tick, tock. We work hard, turn our hands, but in time we all wind down, and that's when they come for us. Most of us don't see them. They work in a gap between times, in between the tick and the tock. They give us no warning. We always think we can steal more time, hold back the end, but we do not know what they know. We do not face clockwise as they do. The Clockwork Men come for us when we can no longer keep time, when our time is up.

(The Tardis materialises. Controls are being adjusted.)

C'RIZZ: So, where, when are we, Doctor? Have we gone forwards in time or backwards?

DOCTOR: That's the problem, C'Rizz. I don't know. I can tell you we've landed on an uncharted planet orbiting a dwarf star, on the edge of an elliptical galaxy.

C'RIZZ: And that there's a brick wall out there. A crumbling brick wall.

DOCTOR: But as for the year.

C'RIZZ: Two rows of brick walls, and cobbles and dustbins.

DOCTOR: All of which suggests the presence of an advanced civilisation. And nothing can advance without the passage of time. That does make sense, does it not?

C'RIZZ: If you say so.

DOCTOR: Then why is the Tardis giving me these impossible readings.

CHARLEY: Hmm. You know, the Doctor and I spent most of last night putting together a list of all the things we simply had to show you. And believe me, C'Rizz, this was not in the top ten.

DOCTOR: Charley.

C'RIZZ: Morning, Charley.

CHARLEY: This is absolutely typical. Set course for a Bandril spaceship or the heart of a black hole, and the good old Tardis won't let you down, but tap in the coordinates of a sun-drenched beach or a half-decent party

C'RIZZ: So there's something wrong with the Tardis, again?

DOCTOR: Perhaps. I hope so, because the alternative is that Time itself is standing still outside those doors. Which poses a rather intriguing mystery.

CHARLEY: (sotto) And he can't abide a mystery.

DOCTOR: And I can't abide a mystery. Come on, Charley. C'Rizz. If the Tardis can't tell us where we are, we'll have to find out for ourselves.

C'RIZZ: As opposed to say, just taking off and trying again?

CHARLEY: Haven't you learned anything about the Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh, C'Rizz, this is exactly what I was talking about. Even the best parties become humdrum after you've been to as many of them as I have. And very little ever happened on a sun-drenched beach. But outside those doors now, there could be anything. Literally, anything at all. Doesn't that excite you?

C'RIZZ: Should it? After all, I've come to realise that if we follow the Doctor outside, we're very likely to find ourselves up to our necks in some kind of trouble.

CHARLEY: That's because finding trouble is a full time occupation for the Doctor. You know what I think? I don't think the Tardis is faulty at all. Or if it is, that suits him quite well, thank you very much.

(Whistling wind.)

C'RIZZ: So, is Time moving here?

CHARLEY: It has to be, doesn't it? Feel that wind.

DOCTOR: Feel it, Charley?

CHARLEY: No. No, you're right. I can't feel it. And I can't see its effects on anything. I can only hear it.

DOCTOR: The Winds of Time howling around this place, unable to break in.

(Rattle of dustbin lid.)

DOCTOR: Charley, what are you doing?

CHARLEY: I can't get the lid of this dustbin.

C'RIZZ: Why would you want to?

CHARLEY: I'm trying to find out where we are before the shooting starts, for once. Didn't some old friend of the Doctor's once say you can tell a great deal about a society from its rubbish?

C'RIZZ: I'm not sure. The Doctor has so many old friends.

CHARLEY: You are learning.

C'RIZZ: Here, let me try.

DOCTOR: You won't shift it. Time has set around us, like amber. Anyway, the bins all appear to have been emptied recently. The ones we can see into, anyway.

C'RIZZ: I don't understand. If Time stands still, doesn't that mean everything else must? How is it we can move?

DOCTOR: Good question, C'Rizz. At first I thought the Tardis might have jumped a time track. Now I'm not so. Can anybody else hear a clock ticking?

VANNET: Everybody knows what they look like. We saw them in the old propaganda posters before World War Four, have heard them described in our fairy tales. Their clock faces, their hands, one longer than the other, tapering to sword-sharp pointers, cogs grinding where their hearts ought to be. Yes, everybody knows what they look like. And everybody is wrong. I saw them, I saw the Clockwork Men, and they had no faces. Why would they need them? They were sleek, smooth, silver. No material, no imagination wasted in their construction. Cruelly efficient, as we knew they must be. And I saw them, out of the corner of my eye, in the fraction of a tick it took for them to take my husband, to cut him out of time for eternity.

CHARLEY: I don't like this, Doctor. I mean, all these people, hundreds of them, just frozen. They were talking and laughing and buying and selling, and then, then. What could have done this to them?

C'RIZZ: If this is what Time does

DOCTOR: Let's not jump to conclusions. You said it yourself, Charley, they're still talking, still laughing, just, well, getting on with their lives.

CHARLEY: Except they aren't, are they. They're trapped here. They can't do a thing.

DOCTOR: Or feel a thing. Time doesn't exist for them. Once it resumes, I expect they'll continue their business without ever knowing anything was wrong.

CHARLEY: If Time resumes, you mean.

C'RIZZ: Why are there so many clocks? Everyone seems to have one. Look, they're wearing them around their wrists.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I thought I heard. Did you say something?

CHARLEY: Watches. You mean watches, C'Rizz. Everyone's wearing watches.

C'RIZZ: Identical watches.

CHARLEY: And they're all perfectly still, the hands frozen like everything else at five o'clock.

DOCTOR: And eight seconds. Have you noticed? These watches are all synchronised, down to the second. How very odd.

(Distant gong.)

DOCTOR: Ah, there it is again. C'Rizz, you must have heard that.

C'RIZZ: Not a thing. Only the wind and us.

CHARLEY: And what are we meant to be listening for? A clock, you said. But the clocks have all stopped dead.

DOCTOR: Yes. Have you noticed a castle up there? I've never seen architecture quite like it. That tower, the Clock Tower, it's obviously a great deal more modern than the rest of the building, but it stands at the centre as if the castle were built around it.

CHARLEY: And the people are dressed like something out of the Middle Ages and yet

DOCTOR: And yet they're wearing watches.

C'RIZZ: And carrying equipment like this.

CHARLEY: Oh, it's one of those, oh, what do you call them, portable telephonic device?

DOCTOR: A mobile telephone.

CHARLEY: Oh, it's just like the lid of that dustbin. I can't budge it.

C'RIZZ: And they shouldn't have these telephones?

CHARLEY: Well, no, not if they haven't invented the motor car yet. And to judge by the amount of manure around here.

C'RIZZ: Surely each society takes its own route? Perhaps communication is more important to this one than transport?

DOCTOR: Or maybe they're short on oil. And it's more than that. The dwellings are brick-built,

but clustered around that castle like chicks around a mother hen.

CHARLEY: An absolute monarchy?

DOCTOR: It looks that way, which given the level of technology we've seen here, I'd consider unlikely. I wonder if there's anyone at home?

C'RIZZ: In the castle, you mean?

DOCTOR: Well, why not? If the castle is at the centre of the village

CHARLEY: Then maybe it's at the centre of the Time distortion?

C'RIZZ: Hmm. I wouldn't be too sure about that. Look over here. These people's faces, the way they're standing. I think there's something going on right here.

CHARLEY: Or something was going on, or in the process of. Oh, you know what I mean.

DOCTOR: Something certainly seems to have caused a stir. Something or somebody. And all eyes point towards this young woman.

C'RIZZ: She looks scared. I think she's running from something.

CHARLEY: From those men on horses over there.

DOCTOR: She stands a fair chance of getting away. She's only a few steps away from the street, and then there are a hundred places she could disappear.

C'RIZZ: While the horsemen are struggling to get through the crowd.

CHARLEY: They're wearing uniforms and carrying swords. The local police force?

DOCTOR: Or militia. Funny how their type is almost universally recognisable.

CHARLEY: Shouldn't we do something?

DOCTOR: What do you suggest?

CHARLEY: Well, if this woman is a criminal, she might be about to escape.

DOCTOR: Remember, Charley, we're only seeing a snapshot of time. We don't know what events might have led up to this moment. Anyway, I'm not sure what we could do. We may have the advantage of free movement here, but we can't use it to affect them. Time has them in too firm a hold.

C'RIZZ: What if Charley's right, though. The woman's holding something, clutching it to her chest like it's the most important thing in the world.

DOCTOR: Perhaps it is to her.

CHARLEY: Do you think she stole it?

DOCTOR: If her hands weren't in the way, I could get a proper look at it. There's something about the. Something.

C'RIZZ: I thought it was another one of those mobile er, telephone gadgets.

DOCTOR: It's too big, C'Rizz, and the design, the technology, that's different altogether. One might almost say otherworldly. No, this looks more like a field generator of sorts. If only I could remember where. Charley, C'Rizz, we have to get back to the Tardis. Now!

C'RIZZ: Doctor, what is it? What's wrong?

DOCTOR: I think I've made a terrible misjudgment. Come on, both of you, before it's too late!

CHARLEY: How can it be too late? There's no Time here.

DOCTOR: Don't argue semantics with me, Charley. Just run! Come on!

VANNET: They never gave him a chance. Collis, my husband. Other people get a chance. You see them, idlers, time-wasters, and then, in the tick of a tock, they change. They don't know why. They do not remember. They cannot tell you what the Clockwork Men look like, nor what is said to them, but that's when they know. It is when they become afraid. Even then, there are those who do not heed the lesson. Men like Zanith. The Idle Prince, we call him. Never done a tick's work in all his tock. But they do not come for him. And when the King winds down, it will be Zanith who becomes Timekeeper. Collis, he worked hard, kept his hands turning. He wasn't given a chance. He was cut back, and now, because he's gone, I know my future. I will have no children. I will not function as a care-giver. Once I am too old to maintain my store, to keep my own time, then I will be redundant.

COLLIS: And then the Clockwork Men will come for you, too.

(Strange Tardis engine sound. Running, breathless.)

C'RIZZ: Doctor, what's wrong with the Tardis?

DOCTOR: It's slipping away from us, C'Rizz. We must hurry.

CHARLEY: Why is it making that ghastly noise? What's happening?

DOCTOR: Charley, I can't hear you. Charley!

(Horses hooves, people's voices.)

DOCTOR: Oh Charley, C'Rizz, what trouble have I landed you both in this time?

REVNON: You can't leave that box there. It's causing an obstruction.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I didn't see you there. And you weren't there a moment ago.
REVNON: Do you hear me? I've got bins to empty, pal, and I can't get my horse round that thing. You're disrupting my schedule.
DOCTOR: The bins, yes. Somehow I think you'll manage. What makes you think this box has anything to do with me?
REVNON: I haven't seen you around Industry before. What do you do?
DOCTOR: I've always found a *how* do you do more civilised greeting.
REVNON: Skulking back here, getting in working folk's way. The Clockwork Men will come for you, pal. Mark my words they will.
DOCTOR: The bins are full. Back then, not forwards. That's something, at least, but how long? I don't suppose you know the time?
REVNON: Of course I do. What do you take me for, a waster?
DOCTOR: I'm sure that's not the case, only you see, this is really rather important.
REVNON: I haven't got time for you, pal. You've cost me almost a minute already, and now I have to go right round the block to reach those bins. Well, if I get warned over this, I will tell them who took my Time. I'm not being cut back for you. I'm not being downsized for a clock-stopper.
DOCTOR: Clock-stopper. As in somebody who disrupts your schedule, takes your Time. Am I right? Yes. Yes, I see. I think I see.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, what's wrong with the Tardis?
DOCTOR: It's slipping away from us, C'Rizz. We must hurry.
CHARLEY: But why is it making that ghastly noise? What's happening?
DOCTOR: Charley, I can't hear you.
CHARLEY: Doctor? Oh, Doctor, where have you gone?
C'RIZZ: He must be inside the Tardis.
CHARLEY: How can he be? We'd have seen him go in, but he didn't. He just vanished.
C'RIZZ: But there is nowhere else.
CHARLEY: Oh, this stupid key. It won't turn.
(Thumps the Tardis door.)
CHARLEY: Are you in there, Doctor? It's Charley!
C'RIZZ: Like the dustbin lid.
CHARLEY: Like what?
C'RIZZ: Charley, what if this is what the Doctor was afraid of? What if Time has set like amber around the Tardis, too?
CHARLEY: Oh, talk sense, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Did I use the wrong words? I was trying to remember how the Doctor described it.
CHARLEY: Yes, well, the Doctor talks a lot of nonsense sometimes too. It doesn't mean we have to do the same. Oh, C'Rizz, what are we going to do? The Tardis could have been our only hope of finding him, and now?
C'RIZZ: We should do as he said. We should find the centre of the Time distortion.
CHARLEY: You're right. Find the heart of the trouble and somehow the Doctor's bound to have wound up there. Well, come on, C'Rizz. We've no time to lose.
C'RIZZ: I thought there was no Time at all.
CHARLEY: Ah, well, no. Rather, yes, but, well, I suppose if you want to look at it that way, we do have all the time in the world. I think.
C'RIZZ: Now who's talking nonsense.

DOCTOR: If I could just have a moment of your. Why is it that nobody in this world wants to talk to me? I think you can help me. You might be the only person here who can. I had a premonition, you might say. I don't suppose you know what a vortex shield resonator is? It's a protective device, really, for engineers working in the. Well, I'm sure you'll find out about that later, in about an hour and twelve minutes time, to be precise. Look, please, I wouldn't ask, but I seem to have left my friends at five o'clock, and it's almost ten to four now. It was the Tardis, you see. The old girl was confused by some sort of localised temporal field. It was like she was teetering on a cliff edge, only the cliff edge was Time, and when she was finally settled, she brought me back here with her. And I know that you can hear me and that you think I'm crazy, but haven't I piqued your interest just a little bit? Are you really going to let me leave and spend the rest of your life wondering what you could have learned?

VANNET: Excuse me, you're blocking my customers.
DOCTOR: You don't have any customers.
VANNET: Because you're in their way. People are too busy to stand in line behind you.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, before you accuse me of being a clock-stopper
VANNET: You *are* a clock-stopper.
DOCTOR: Before you accuse me of that.
VANNET: I cannot afford to lose business. I cannot afford for my store to seem redundant.
They've already taken my
DOCTOR: I understand. Listen, Miss, er
VANNET: Vannet.
DOCTOR: The work ethic is clearly important in Industry, I believe this place is called, and I wouldn't want to stand in the way of that, but you must be allowed to take a break sometime?
VANNET: My next off-clock is not scheduled for another twenty two seconds. I should spend it shopping for provisions. I have to buy rice and vegetables.
DOCTOR: You sell vegetables. Take a walk with me instead. Talk to me. What harm can it do?
VANNET: You really are not from Industry, are you.
DOCTOR: I come from further away than you can imagine. I need your help. And what's more, I think you need mine. I need to know about the Clockwork Men because I think maybe, just maybe, they hold the key to rescuing my friends. And I think it must be twenty two seconds by now. I'm the Doctor, by the way. How do you do?
VANNET: You want to know about the Clockwork Men? You will know about them soon enough.

C'RIZZ: Charley, what are you doing?
CHARLEY: What does it look like? I'm tying my scarf around her legs.
C'RIZZ: So when Time restarts, she'll fall and the chase will be over. But the Doctor said we shouldn't intervene.
CHARLEY: Oh, fiddlesticks. I'm tired of not being able to intervene. We can't even walk through a door unless there's someone holding it open for us. Well, at least this way I can do some good.
C'RIZZ: I don't know, Charley.
CHARLEY: Oh, anyway, it's too late. As soon as I let go of the scarf, it froze like everything else. I can't untie it now.
C'RIZZ: We should concentrate on finding the Doctor.
CHARLEY: I know. But how can we when there are so many places we can't go?
C'RIZZ: So many of the buildings seem empty from the outside. The windows boarded up, the brickwork decaying.
CHARLEY: And the rest. I wonder if they're all like the one we saw?
C'RIZZ: All those people cramped together, working in their tiny cubicles. How do they stand it?
CHARLEY: At electric typewriters. I mean, more technology that shouldn't even be here.
C'RIZZ: And the way all the windows were angled up towards the castle, towards the Clock Tower. Do you know, I think the Doctor was wrong, Charley. It's not the castle that stands at the centre of the village.
CHARLEY: It's the tower!
C'RIZZ: A face on each of its four sides so the clock can always see you. We have to go up there, don't we.
CHARLEY: I think so. I think if there's an explanation for what's going on here, or rather, what's not going on, that's where we'll find it.
C'RIZZ: Then let's just hope they've left their gates open.

DOCTOR: But then the Clockwork Men will come for you, too.
VANNET: It's four o'clock. I must return to work in five minutes.
DOCTOR: When does your shift end?
VANNET: Not until nine.
DOCTOR: What do you do then?
VANNET: Sleep, of course, until I clock on again at six. I don't know what you want from me, Doctor. I've told you all I can. The Clockwork Men emerge from the tower between Times to punish the indolent. Those who hold back the project.
DOCTOR: From the tower, you say? The Clock Tower?
VANNET: They will come for you if you have no work. If I were you, I would apply to King

Kestorian for redeployment.

DOCTOR: I'd rather talk to the Clockwork Men myself. How do I get into this Clock Tower?

VANNET: You cannot.

DOCTOR: I can't?

VANNET: We must not enter the Clock Tower. It would be a violation.

DOCTOR: Of what? Your laws? Your morality? No, it's something a lot deeper than that, isn't it. Indeed, the idea of it seems to horrify you.

VANNET: Do, do not talk about it, Doctor. Please, just. I must go. I must return to work.

DOCTOR: If you leave me now, you'll condemn my friends to an eternity of non-existence. I told you, Vannet, they're trapped at five o'clock, less than one hour from now. And if I can't find a way to pull them back into the time stream as we pass them, then the Limitation effect means I won't ever be able to come back for them.

VANNET: Then that is how it must be. The Great Clock cannot be turned back. It measures our progress towards Completion.

DOCTOR: I know this is hard for you, Vannet. I know these beings, these Clockwork Men, are like gods to you, but wouldn't you like to come face to clock face with them just once?

VANNET: It's forbidden.

DOCTOR: Wouldn't you like to ask them why they took your husband?

VANNET: (gasps) Zanith!

DOCTOR: Now where have I heard that name before?

VANNET: The Prince is in the marketplace, and he's brought the Watch. By the Great Clock, I was right about you. I should not have let you stop my hands. We shall both be cut back.

DOCTOR: Of course, the Idle Prince. Do we call him that to his face? No, I don't suppose we do.

ZANITH: It would be extremely unwise of you to attempt to run.

DOCTOR: You think so? I think that rather depends on the alternative.

ZANITH: The alternative is that you'll be taken to the castle and questioned to ascertain if the allegations laid against you are true.

DOCTOR: Oh, the castle? Splendid, splendid. It just so happens I was already planning to go there.

CHARLEY: Well, I must say, this is an awful disappointment.

C'RIZZ: Compared to other places we've seen, it's luxurious.

CHARLEY: Compared to that horrible office, yes. But it's hardly what you'd call grand, is it?

C'RIZZ: They have marble floors and velvet drapes.

CHARLEY: Well, it's the Royal Palace, C'Rizz. I just expected more.

C'RIZZ: You were hoping for a good snoop around, you mean. No, I think it's good that the rulers of this world don't set themselves too far above the people.

CHARLEY: And these paintings. Oh, look at them, C'Rizz. They all seem to be of people working. Building, or forging iron, or. Oh, what on Earth is that ghastly creature? Do you think it's meant to have one arm longer than the other, or is that just the way it's painted?

C'RIZZ: It's Time.

CHARLEY: It's face. Just a clock dial. What did you say?

C'RIZZ: Time, standing over those workers, driving them on, counting down the seconds of their lives.

CHARLEY: Oh yes. Oh yes, course. Some mythical representation, like on Earth we had Old Father Time, only he was always depicted as an old man, wise. Not like this, this

C'RIZZ: It's as if Time is something to fear on this world.

CHARLEY: Well, it's a relief, anyway. For a minute there I thought that hideous thing might actually be real.

C'RIZZ: Hmm. We must be close to the Clock Tower. This way, I think.

CHARLEY: I'll have to take your word for it. We've been down so many of these winding corridors, I've completely lost my. Oh. I say. Now this is a bit more like it.

C'RIZZ: The Throne Room, obviously.

CHARLEY: Look at the King up there in his ermine robes. Oh, and those cushions. Oh, they're just sumptuous, aren't they? I swear, if I sat down on one of those I would never get. Oh, no.

No, it can't. How did he?

C'RIZZ: Oh, you were right, Charley. We found the heart of the trouble after all.

CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor!

DOCTOR: Prince Zanith, when I said I'd like to see your castle, this wasn't the part of it I had in mind.

ZANITH: This may be the last place you do see, Doctor. Workers Vannet and Revnon have been brought in for questioning. Once they have given their statements, the King will decide what is to be done with you.

DOCTOR: There's no need for that. I can tell the King all he wants to know. I thought you didn't like to waste Time, Zanith? And believe me, I'm growing rather short of that commodity myself.

ZANITH: Ah, yes. Your five o'clock deadline. Tell me, Doctor. Are you by any chance a Clockwork Man?

DOCTOR: No. No, of course I'm

ZANITH: And yet you claim to have seen clockwise by some forty five minutes.

DOCTOR: I've seen your future, Zanith, whether you believe me or not.

ZANITH: What an interesting coincidence, Doctor, because I can see your future too. Let me tell you about it.

CHARLEY: Doctor! Doctor, can you hear me? Doctor!

C'RIZZ: It's no use, Charley. He's frozen like everyone else.

CHARLEY: He must have gone back somehow. He must have gone back in time, and he must have come here looking for us.

C'RIZZ: We have to stop this from happening.

CHARLEY: How can we stop it? Look at him, C'Rizz. He's on his knees, surrounded by militia men, and the axe is. Oh, my goodness.

C'RIZZ: You said the Doctor went back in time. If we could find out how, we could do the same. We could warn him.

CHARLEY: No, it doesn't work like that. The Doctor's always saying so. We can't change the past.

C'RIZZ: But that doesn't make sense. There has to be a way to make

CHARLEY: There isn't! It's happened, C'Rizz, and we have to accept that fact. But there must be something we can do in the present. Some way to make a difference. Oh, if only I hadn't lost my scarf.

C'RIZZ: The executioner's blade is already on its way to the Doctor's neck. I doubt your scarf would protect him.

CHARLEY: I know that. I just thought

C'RIZZ: Charley! I can hear something.

CHARLEY: (sotto) What?

C'RIZZ: (sotto) I don't know. Footsteps and. Something's coming, Charley. Something. (Clockwork sounds.)

[Part Two]

REVNON: You know what I think about the Clockwork Men? They keep us turning clockwise, ensure that no Time is wasted. Without them, we would be tempted to leave our hands idle, and then we would not achieve Completion. My sister and I have no time for those who would turn our hands back.

VANNET: We must not let ourselves be pulled anti-clockwise, for then we would lose all that we have gained.

REVNON: Without the Clockwork Men, we would have no wheels to move our carts, no machinery to plough our fields, no missiles to protect ourselves. Vannet knows that. She would not let her time be taken. She consorted with the clockstopper on her off-time, and only to keep his hands turning until the Watch arrived.

VANNET: If one cog fails, then all our works are halted. We rely on Clockwork Men to maintain our efficiency, to cut back on wastage.

KESTORIAN: Well, what did they say?

ZANITH: I have no idea, Father. I didn't read the reports myself, I simply had them sent to you. I have no doubt it was the usual chatter of unswerving loyalty to the Clockwork Men, determined to turn their hands, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock.

KESTORIAN: About the stranger, this Doctor fellow.

ZANITH: He is a time-waster, Father. I do not need to hear the opinions of a market trader and a bin man to form that conclusion.

KESTORIAN: But he has no time code, no personnel record.
ZANITH: Then he must be a spy from Languor.
KESTORIAN: You know as well as I do, Zanith, that Languor is a lie designed to speed us towards Completion.
ZANITH: Does it matter, if the workers believe it?
KESTORIAN: It matters if this stranger has come from a world beyond ours. You must realise what that means.
ZANITH: I imagine it means our Clockwork masters will be getting rather wound up. (laughs)
KESTORIAN: This is no time for flippancy. They could dismantle the project through this. At the very least they will question our management strategy.
ZANITH: How can they fault us? We have kept their time. Industry remains on schedule. You worry too much.
KESTORIAN: For both our sakes I hope that is true.
ZANITH: What do you propose to do?
KESTORIAN: I will speak to the prisoner. I will hear the truth from his own lips.
ZANITH: And if it is true? If another world has beaten us to Completion?
KESTORIAN: Then I fear, Zanith, that our work has been nothing. We will suffer the fate of the old world. Our time will be over.

CHARLEY: Sorry, C'Rizz, they've gone. They're gone.
C'RIZZ: What were they?
CHARLEY: They were monsters. Unfeeling monsters.
C'RIZZ: They were robots, weren't they? Three of them. I heard them at my shoulder, ticking, as though they were counting down to something.
CHARLEY: It's a good thing you had your back to them. If they'd seen your face, they would have known you weren't from around here.
C'RIZZ: And what was that sound, that screeching? It's like they were cutting a hole into the air itself. I thought my ears would bleed.
CHARLEY: Oh, think yourself lucky. You didn't have to watch them. You didn't have to stand perfectly still and just stare as they, they killed him, C'Rizz. That poor man. I didn't see their weapons. They just surrounded him and there was a flash. No. No, it was the opposite of a flash. Everything went dark and then, then.
C'RIZZ: There were three militiamen instead of four. Look at it this way, at least it lowers the odds against the Doctor.
CHARLEY: I thought he was going to be next. First him, then me, then you. One of those things had its hand poised over his neck. They were doing it to everyone, like they were, I don't know, scanning them or something. And once they'd found the man they wanted, they lost interest in the rest of us. Yes. Yes, look. Look at this. You can just see it underneath his helmet. Symbols etched into his skin.
C'RIZZ: An identity code. I think we were lucky, Charley. Another second and they'd have seen that the Doctor doesn't have one of these.
CHARLEY: Then one of them went up to this man here.
C'RIZZ: He isn't dressed like the others. More like a king. A prince, do you think?
CHARLEY: Well, whoever he is, it went up to him and this light came out of its, well, from where its face ought to have been. Then it turned and just marched away with the other robots. They went over there somewhere. I heard a door opening.
C'RIZZ: The wall behind the throne. I saw it out of the corner of my eye. It unfolded like a flower. But I don't see a seam there now.
CHARLEY: Could you see anything inside?
C'RIZZ: A bright white light. It's the Clock Tower, isn't it, on the other side of that wall.
CHARLEY: We have to find a way in there.
C'RIZZ: Are you sure that's wise? We can't help the Doctor if we're, well, we're
CHARLEY: I know what you mean. There's nothing left of him, their victim. They atomised him.
C'RIZZ: How did it do this, Charley? Time. How did it bring us to this moment? How did Time do this to the Doctor?

(Dripping water equals cell or dungeon.)

DOCTOR: Please, Kestorian, I've told you all I can and more than I should. Yes, I've travelled between worlds. No, I won't show you my spaceship. Apart from anything else, I don't think your Clockwork Men would appreciate that. No, I wouldn't say I was a time-waster. The opposite, in

fact. And I've been locked in this dungeon for over fifteen minutes now, which only leaves me twenty five more to find my friends.

ZANITH: These friends of yours, if they exist, are with the Clockwork men. They will decide what is to be done with them.

DOCTOR: Yes, thank you, Zanith.

ZANITH: And you will address my father as Your Majesty.

KESTORIAN: You condemn yourself with your own words, Doctor. You talk of turning against the clock as if it is somehow natural.

DOCTOR: Travelling in time, you mean? That really wasn't my fault, Your Majesty. Not this time, anyway.

KESTORIAN: I also have statements from two workers who testify that you were asking about the Clockwork Men.

DOCTOR: Well, I happen to find them interesting.

KESTORIAN: It is my opinion that you came here to spy on our project, perhaps even to sabotage it.

DOCTOR: And why would I do that?

ZANITH: Because you are threatened by our efficiency. You fear we will overtake you. You see, Father, you were worried over nothing. He has not achieved Completion.

DOCTOR: Oh, I think the King has far more than me to worry about. Wouldn't you say so, Your Majesty?

KESTORIAN: I have heard enough.

DOCTOR: Funny thing about monarchies. On the surface they always seem perfectly straightforward, one of the simplest systems of government. One person in charge of a country or a world. But in my experience it's rare to find a King who has that much control.

KESTORIAN: I will decide what it to be done with you, Doctor, and inform you by morning alarm. I should warn you, however, that your attitude makes redeployment an unlikely option.

DOCTOR: There are always people who need to be appeased, palms to be greased, not to mention the Pretenders to the throne. I've known many a monarch become quite paranoid.

KESTORIAN: Guards! Make sure the prisoner is secured.

DOCTOR: Your Majesty!

ZANITH: No, Doctor. You are going nowhere.

DOCTOR: You are tired of like, Kestorian. You are tired of your unchanging routine, but you're terrified of what will happen if you break it. I can help you.

ZANITH: You are in no position to help anyone, Doctor. You'll be spending the rest of your time in this cell. I trust you can find something to occupy your hands.

DOCTOR: Yes, I'm sure I can, Prince Zanith.

(Footsteps leave.)

DOCTOR: (sotto) Until you come back for your telephone, anyway. Now, let me see. No numbers on the keypad, just letters. I wonder. Well, in a society with as small a population as this one appears to have, I don't see why not. V A N N

(Distant hubbub of voices.)

VANNET: I cannot hear you. Where did you say? Hello? Hello, are you still

REVNON: Who are you speaking to, Vannet?

VANNET: Revnon! I didn't see you there.

REVNON: The telephones are for work use only, Vannet.

VANNET: And who's to say I was not ordering supplies?

REVNON: Well, were you?

VANNET: You may be my brother, Revnon, but you aren't my Timekeeper.

REVNON: No? Then why have I just had to lie to the Watch about your association with a clock-stopper?

VANNET: There was no need for lies. I did not waste time.

REVNON: You are on clock now, and I find your hands stopped. I'm worried about you, Vannet. Ever since you paired up with that time-waster

VANNET: Do not speak of my husband like that. Collis was no waster, and nor am I. It's not my fault that I've got few customers.

REVNON: You could find more if you were motivated. Industry is over-producing food. It's only a matter of time before we cut back on farmers, and then there will be a surplus of storeholders.

VANNET: I cannot help that.

REVNON: The Prince is watching you now, Vannet. They'll come for you. They will come for

you as they came for Collis.

VANNET: What about you, Revnon? Don't you have any bins to empty? I thought you were running slow.

REVNON: I have been granted an hour off clock.

VANNET: A rare reward. What did you do to earn that? Or should I not ask.

REVNON: How was I to know when I reported the clock-stopper to the castle, that the Watch would find him consorting with you?

VANNET: Leave me, Revnon. You're stopping my clock now.

REVNON: I thought I could help you. You're still my sister.

VANNET: There is no need. I can keep to my own schedule.

REVNON: And the telephone call?

VANNET: Was nothing. It was not important. Now, take no more of my time.

CHARLEY: There. That should do the trick.

C'RIZZ: I don't know, Charley. The militiaman had already swung his axe. Blinding him might not affect its course.

CHARLEY: Don't be such a pessimist. When time restarts, this murderer is going to find your jacket wrapped around his head. That should buy the Doctor a few seconds at least.

C'RIZZ: What good will that do him? He'll still be outnumbered. They'll execute him and we'll be trapped here until we starve.

CHARLEY: We said we wouldn't talk like that, C'Rizz. I keep thinking about those robots. They could affect people. Well, they affected that militiaman all right. And that light, the one they shone into the Prince's eyes.

C'RIZZ: Another form of identification? An ocular scan?

CHARLEY: I don't know. Maybe. But they'd already scanned him. Oh, look at his neck. He has the same symbols as everyone else.

C'RIZZ: Those voices. I think they were hypnotising him, Charley. You know, playing with his mind.

CHARLEY: You mean they were giving him instructions? Oh, but how could he have heard them?

C'RIZZ: These people are trapped in Time, not deaf. He heard them, believe me. Oh, he won't remember it, but he's been programmed now. I know how it works, how the words hide in your head.

CHARLEY: Do you think he's been, er. Oh, what's the phrase the Doctor uses? Sub something.

C'RIZZ: Subliminally conditioned?

CHARLEY: That's it. Oh, C'Rizz, we can do it. We can save the Doctor. Right, all we have to do is get hold of the equipment they er. Oh, but the light came out of the robot

C'RIZZ: (sotto) Charley

CHARLEY: Itself, so we'd have to, I don't know, maybe we can. If we could capture one of them, take it apart

C'RIZZ: (sotto) Charley!

(Footsteps.)

CHARLEY: (sotto) C'Rizz, you're looking right at them. They'll see your face.

C'RIZZ: (sotto) Too late. (normal) Ah! No! Get your metal hands off me.

CHARLEY: (sotto) Oh, C'Rizz.

C'RIZZ: You've no right to do this to me! I don't belong here. I won't come with you. I won't. Somebody help me!

DOCTOR: Prince Zanith. Back already? It can't have been more than ten minutes or so.

ZANITH: I thought we should talk alone.

DOCTOR: No, thank you. My ribs still hurt from our last discussion.

ZANITH: You humiliated me in front of the Watch. I had to make an example of you. Nothing personal.

DOCTOR: I'll bear that in mind. Impersonal bruises are so much easier to bear.

ZANITH: You intrigue me, Doctor. I think you told my father the truth.

DOCTOR: Oh, Kestorian believed me. He just didn't like what he heard.

ZANITH: He has clung to power for a long time, by the decree of the Clockwork Men. But the manuals say that once we have achieved Completion, we will be free of their schedule.

DOCTOR: Then I'd imagine that would be the last thing you'd want.

ZANITH: I am not my father, Doctor. Alone of those in Industry, my duties are few.

DOCTOR: So I've been told.

ZANITH: I know what the workers say of me, but I am not idle. I simply have no purpose, while the King declines to abdicate.

DOCTOR: I'm surprised he has a choice.

ZANITH: My point is that I have had time to explore our world, to see what our Clockwork gods have done to us, and it makes my heart ache. Our subjects despise me because they envy my freedom, but when I am King, Doctor, I will free them all.

DOCTOR: If you believe that, Zanith, then I fear you underestimate the power behind your particular throne.

ZANITH: That's why I want you to help me. My father clings to the legends of the old worlders. He fears that we will die out as they did. He will not allow you to interfere with the project.

DOCTOR: But a certain amount of interference might just suit your purposes.

ZANITH: There's a doorway concealed in the throne room. Few people will approach it. They were brought up on the story of the little boy who thought he could race Time. A child who forced his way into the Clock Tower and fell into its cogs to be ripped hand from hand.

DOCTOR: Yet the story doesn't seem to have affected you.

ZANITH: I have examined that door many times while my father was elsewhere, but I have never been able to open it.

DOCTOR: You can leave that to me, Zanith. I'm something of an expert with electronic locks. It's the old fashioned type I've never quite got the hang of.

ZANITH: Then I can now help you, Doctor. All I ask is that after I free you, you give me six minutes to cover my tracks and divert the King's attention.

DOCTOR: And your guards?

ZANITH: You are unlikely to encounter them. After all, they have many duties. It would be inefficient to detail them to watch over you when you are already secure.

DOCTOR: I can't promise you Completion, Zanith.

ZANITH: I know that.

DOCTOR: But I do appreciate this chance to save my friends. And I will speak to the Clockwork Men on your behalf. I think it's high time I found out what makes them tick.

ZANITH: We want the same thing, Doctor. I'm sure we can trust each other.

REVNON: You should order more River Fruits, Vannet. I've sold nine in the last thirteen minutes.

VANNET: I appreciate your help, Revnon, but I do know my own trade. By lowering the price, I will have no Worker's Credits to afford my own food at this rate.

REVNON: Better to go hungry for a day than be cut back.

VANNET: Do you never wonder why we do this, Revnon? Do you never think there ought to be more to life than work and sleep?

REVNON: Is that the sort of blasphemy you learned from Collis?

VANNET: Not Collis.

REVNON: We can rest when Completion is achieved. We will have earned our leisure then.

VANNET: And do you think that will happen in our lifetime?

REVNON: It doesn't matter. You've read the manuals. We are building a world for our children.

VANNET: I will not have children, Revnon. The Clockwork Men have seen to that.

REVNON: Is this about the phone call?

VANNET: What makes you say that?

REVNON: I know you, Vannet. I know when you're hiding something. It was the clock-stopper, wasn't it? This Doctor. You have been wasting your time with him.

VANNET: He asked me to retrieve something for him, that's all. It was a piece of equipment from a blue cabinet.

REVNON: I *knew* he had something to do with that.

VANNET: You know where it is?

REVNON: In the alleyway behind Fourth Street, but not for many more ticks. I contracted Disposals to deal with it.

VANNET: The Doctor was in trouble. His call was cut off. I think they were beating him. I'm responsible for that, Revnon. I told the Watch what they wanted to hear to preserve my own function.

REVNON: You did the right thing. You won't help anyone by sacrificing yourself, least of all for a clock-stopper.

VANNET: He was trying to rescue his friends.

REVNON: He lied to you, Vannet. He came from Languor to spread the corruption of that clock-forsaken place.

VANNET: He said I could learn about the Clockwork Men.

REVNON: I won't let you do it. As your brother, I forbid you to approach that cabinet.

VANNET: And if I defy you, what will you do, report me? You are a coward, Revnon. You hate the Clockwork Men as much as I do, but you lack the cogs to speak out against them. That is why you are jealous of those who do, so resentful of anyone who dares work less hard than you.

REVNON: This discussion wastes our time. By the time you are next off-clock, the cabinet will be gone, destroyed. To do as your clock-stopper friend asks, you would have to shirk your duties, and you know the cost of that.

VANNET: Yes, Revnon, I do. But perhaps this is the difference between us. Perhaps I do not care about my life any more.

C'RIZZ: (struggling) Look, whatever you're doing here, I've no intention of interfering. Look, if you could just er, unfreeze my friend, we'll leave. We won't get in your way.

CHARLEY: Oh, C'Rizz! Oh, am I glad to see you.

C'RIZZ: Charley, I'm sorry. I hoped if I made enough of a fuss they wouldn't notice you.

CHARLEY: What are you talking about?

C'RIZZ: Where did those other robots come from?

CHARLEY: Well, they came out of the Clock Tower, straight for me. I thought, I thought maybe they'd made you tell them.

C'RIZZ: Charley, I've only just got here.

CHARLEY: That's impossible. You were captured at least an hour ago.

C'RIZZ: But you were out of my sight for only a few seconds.

CHARLEY: Hmm. Time playing tricks on us again.

C'RIZZ: Hey, look at the clock, Charley. Look at all the clocks. They all say one minute past five.

CHARLEY: Of course! To these people we were both captured at five o'clock, and now time's moving normally again. Oh, I suppose that means the Doctor

COLLIS: Time code.

CHARLEY: I beg your pardon? Hey!

COLLIS: Where is your Time code?

C'RIZZ: If you mean the marks on your necks, we don't have them.

CHARLEY: So type that into your electronic clipboard.

C'RIZZ: Who are you, and what is this place?

CHARLEY: It looks like the office we saw in the village, but we're inside the Clock Tower, aren't we?

C'RIZZ: And it's bigger on the inside.

COLLIS: My name is Collis. My function is Senior Administration Coordinator stroke Trend Analyst, Statistical Processing Division. The Clockwork Men have brought you here because your function is unknown. According to procedure, your cases will be referred to the Figurehead. However, I should warn you that at present we have no posts to fill.

(Footsteps.)

KESTORIAN: I've already told you, Zanith. I need more time.

ZANITH: You do not have it. The Clockwork Men are watching you, Father. Do you wish to appear indecisive?

KESTORIAN: I do not wish to do the wrong thing.

ZANITH: The manuals are clear. The Doctor is a rat in our wheel work. He must be removed. You must give the order, Father, before you are assessed as ineffectual.

KESTORIAN: Why this sudden concern for my welfare, my son?

ZANITH: I do not wish to see you cut back.

KESTORIAN: I have lived a long life.

ZANITH: And I have seen what it has done to you. Believe me, Father, I have no more desire to inherit your throne than you have to leave it to me. I could not stand the paperwork.

KESTORIAN: You cannot defy the Clockwork Men forever.

ZANITH: Kill me, and they put an end to the Royal line, and we know what a revolution will do to their schedule. If they are prepared to risk that, it would have happened by now.

KESTORIAN: But the more time goes by, the less choice you give them. In the meantime, Zanith, your opinion is noted and

(Sonic screwdriver whirrs.)

KESTORIAN: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Your Majesty. You appear to have er, caught me at something of a disadvantage.

REVNON: Vannet, where are you going?

VANNET: Don't stop me, Revnon. I have made up my mind. You may be right about the Doctor, but I cannot concentrate on my work until I know.

REVNON: I won't let you.

VANNET: You cannot keep hold of me forever. If I don't do this, Revnon, I will spend the rest of my tock wondering what might have happened, dreaming of how we might be free.

REVNON: We are not free, Vannet, and you are on clock.

VANNET: Then you go. No? I didn't think so. Don't worry, Revnon. I'm only going to Fourth Street, and I have you to turn my business clockwise in my absence.

REVNON: If the Watch come by, I cannot lie for you. I work hard, Vannet. I will not risk a black mark on my record now.

VANNET: Four minutes. I will be no longer.

REVNON: How can you know? You said the clock-stopper was interrupted. How can you be sure he told you everything?

VANNET: I know where to find the spare key to his cabinet, and I know what the Doctor wants from it. A vortex shield resonator, he called it, and he described it to me. It's in a cupboard to the left of the door, he said. It cannot be too hard to find.

REVNON: What if the Watch overheard his call to you, Vannet? What if they're waiting for you?

VANNET: It's only a small risk, Revnon, and I choose to take it.

COLLIS: You will each take a seat at the workstation of your choice. The test will begin in four minutes. You should

C'RIZZ: Test?

CHARLEY: I thought you were taking us to see this Figurehead?

COLLIS: If the Figurehead is to allocate you, Miss Pollard, she must have an assessment of your capabilities. The computer will measure your intelligence quotients, personality type, adaptability

(Sizzle sound.)

C'RIZZ: Ow!

CHARLEY: C'Rizz!

C'RIZZ: It's okay, Charley. I'm fine. I just wasn't expecting. Your robot, it just shot me.

CHARLEY: What on Earth was that for?

COLLIS: A small disincentive. It could have been for any number of reasons. Perhaps to discourage the possibility of escape.

CHARLEY: Discourage the? You mean that thing shot C'Rizz because he thought about escaping?

COLLIS: The Clockwork Men cannot read your thoughts, Miss Pollard. They do, however, have some stochastic programming.

C'RIZZ: Stochastic?

CHARLEY: I've heard the Doctor use that word. I think it means they can see into the future?

COLLIS: To be more precise, they collect and process data to produce short-term probability forecasts. Yes, according to my report here, this unit predicted that Mister C'Rizz might take me hostage to demand your release. It acted to avert the three point four percent chance of that possibility becoming actual.

CHARLEY: Three point four?

C'RIZZ: I wouldn't have.

COLLIS: You *might* have, Mister C'Rizz. Why did you think you were brought here, Miss Pollard? The Clockwork Men noted your presence in the Throne Room and calculated its likely immediate effects.

CHARLEY: And that's why they came back for me. So I *did* save the Doctor. Or at least, I might have done. It's possible.

C'RIZZ: What about the Doctor? What did you do to him?

COLLIS: You must take your seats. No consideration will be given for a late start. I am required to remind you that your results in this test will determine your futures.

(Horses hooves going past.)

REVNON: Vannet? Vannet, where are you? Why didn't you answer your telephone? The Watch, Vannet. They are here. They are in the market place. I think, yes, I think they're coming towards you. I told them about the Doctor's cabinet in my statement. They must be looking for it. Please, Vannet, if they find you they'll, we'll both be in trouble. Please, when you get this message, run. Vannet, get out of there. Do you hear me? Run!

KESTORIAN: How did you escape my dungeon?

DOCTOR: It's a habit of mine, I'm afraid.

KESTORIAN: And now you are trespassing in my Throne Room.

ZANITH: He's doing rather more than that, Father. You were attempting to break into the Clock Tower, weren't you, Doctor?

KESTORIAN: The Clock Tower? But that is abominable. Unthinkable! Nobody has dared approach the Clock Tower since

DOCTOR: Since the little boy who thought he could race Time. I know. It's a quaint tale, Kestorian, but I've seen the reality.

ZANITH: Guards, I think you know what to do.

(Swords drawn. Footsteps approach.)

DOCTOR: Your Majesty, listen to me. I can help you. I have seen the time between the tick and the tock.

ZANITH: Lies, Father. This man has broken our highest law, flaunted the fundamental tenets of our society. The manuals proscribe only one penalty.

DOCTOR: Is that right, Prince Zanith? How very interesting to hear *you* say that.

KESTORIAN: My son is correct. You will not distract me with your blasphemies, Doctor. You will not extend your time that way.

ZANITH: Father, I believe you should take your throne for this.

KESTORIAN: Well, yes. Yes, indeed. Sergeant, the downsizer.

(The Doctor is pushed to his knees. The sword tip scrapes on the floor.)

DOCTOR: Tell me about the old world, Kestorian. Tell me what frightens you so much about it. Maybe I can help you. I come from an advanced race, you know that.

ZANITH: We have no need of your knowledge. There can be no value in that for which we have not worked.

DOCTOR: And your Clockwork Men, they'd agree with that, would they?

ZANITH: The manuals tell us that this time we must not fail. We will realise our *own* potential.

KESTORIAN: I'm not so sure, Zanith. What if the Doctor can help, hmm? What if the Clockwork Men brought him here for that purpose?

ZANITH: No, Father. You know what is expected of you. And if the Clockwork Men disagree, well then, they will intervene, won't they? They will save him.

DOCTOR: Your Majesty, I am not concerned with my own life, but I must find Charley and C'Rizz. They are almost out of time, you see. Only a few seconds left.

KESTORIAN: No, Doctor, Zanith is right. I will listen to no more of your time-wasting words. Sergeant.

(A clock begins to chime the hour.)

DOCTOR: You've got this wrong, Kestorian.

ZANITH: Goodbye, Doctor.

KESTORIAN: Part the clock-stopper's head from his shoulders.

[Part Three]

(Kestorian's last line slows and stops midway through, this time.)

CHARLEY: Doctor! I, I don't know if you can hear me. It's Charley here. Charley? I'm still in that weird place where time isn't moving and it's still five o'clock, and I'm trying to help you but I don't know how. There are robots in the Clock Tower. They've captured C'Rizz, and we think they're hypnotising people, planting suggestions while they're, you know, frozen. And that gave me an idea. I, well, I can't get hold of the machines they use but I've been talking to the King up there on his throne like I'm talking to you now, and I know it's a long shot but, well, I told him over and over again that you're one of the good guys, Doctor. And I told him he's no right to, to go. Oh, and we put C'Rizz's jacket over the executioner's face so even if the King doesn't grant you a

pardon or whatever, that should buy you a little time at least.

(Grating sound then footsteps. Charley's voice begins to recede.)

CHARLEY: Oh no. I think I have to go now, Doctor. Just promise me you'll, you'll talk your way out of this one or produce one of those marvellous contraptions of yours, or just run for the hills. I don't care how you do it, but do something. Do you hear me? I order you to do something. I can't lose you yet, Doctor. I'm not ready. We haven't had enough time!

(Grating sound.)

(Time resumes.)

KESTORIAN: From his shoulders.

DOCTOR: No, wait!

(Clang of sword on marble.)

ZANITH: Father!

KESTORIAN: I mean, I'm not sure that this is the

DOCTOR: Right thing to do.

KESTORIAN: What the Clockwork Men would want.

DOCTOR: It seems to me, Your Majesty, that they've made their wishes perfectly clear, as your son said they would.

ZANITH: This is not how the Clockwork Men work, Doctor. What, what is this garment, this jacket?

KESTORIAN: And where did it come from, if not from the Clockwork Men?

ZANITH: It was not fashioned on this world, Father. I've not seen the like of its material before.

DOCTOR: What nobody seems to want to talk about is the fact that there were seven people in this room a moment ago, and now I count six.

ZANITH: A guard has been cut back. Perhaps he was idle and deserved his fate?

DOCTOR: You don't know?

KESTORIAN: I have thought for some time that the Watch was a little overstaffed. I considered redeploying one of its number elsewhere, but there were no vacancies. Redundancy, I fear, was unavoidable.

DOCTOR: You're talking about a man's life, Kestorian.

ZANITH: Don't worry, Doctor. My father is right. We still have enough guards to conclude our business with you.

KESTORIAN: Zanith, I

ZANITH: You say you aren't sure what the Clockwork Men want, Father. If they opposed your actions, *if* they had spoken to you between the tick and the tock, you would be in no doubt.

KESTORIAN: I feel there might have been a. But no, I accept your argument.

ZANITH: The one thing on which the Clockwork Men have always been quite clear is how we should deal with time-wasters.

DOCTOR: Oh, but I am not a time-waster. I mean

KESTORIAN: You have had your say, Doctor.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, Your Majesty. I am no longer a time-waster. So long as I'm on this world, I don't intend to waste any more time.

ZANITH: More lies.

DOCTOR: I never lied to you, Kestorian, and I'm not lying to you now.

KESTORIAN: Could it be that the Clockwork Men thought him worth saving, Zanith, hmm?

Could it be that they spoke to him, that they see a use for him?

ZANITH: There are no vacancies.

DOCTOR: Are you certain about that? What do you think, Kestorian? Are you telling me all's well with the Kingdom? That when you look into the future it doesn't scare you?

KESTORIAN: You are ready to cooperate, Doctor, hmm? You will turn your hand

DOCTOR: To almost anything.

(Over a background of clock noises.)

FIGUREHEAD: Once upon a time, the people of the old world overthrew their gods. They believed that they should be accountable to nobody, and as a result they became idle. They squabbled when they should have worked in concert, they held back science through fear of its misuse, and they died. You will not have heard of them. They predicted the catastrophe. Their telescope showed the approach of the asteroid that would render them extinct, but they had no missiles with which to deflect it, no ships with which to flee. Only as time ran out for them did they realise its paramount importance. That was when their attention was turned to the time beyond their time. That was when they created me, and charged me with the rebuilding of their civilisation. This time they will not be forgotten. This time they will realise their own potential. This time they will become their own gods.

(Rapid beeps.)

CHARLEY: What are you doing?

COLLIS: My job, Miss Pollard. I cannot stop work because you have chosen to pay us an unscheduled visit.

CHARLEY: Doesn't look very interesting, just copying numbers into a computer. It's all anyone seems to do around here.

COLLIS: It is necessary.

CHARLEY: Where do they all come from?

COLLIS: The Watch collect data on all the workers. The King adds his reports and delivers the forms to us. We also take biometric readings and record conversations via the mobile telephones.

CHARLEY: You see, that's what I don't quite get. You talk about how this world has to develop, but the technology I've seen here inside the Clock Tower is years ahead of anything outside.

COLLIS: The workers must learn for themselves. They would only misuse technology that was given to them too soon.

CHARLEY: I see. Well, no, I don't, really. And I'm starting to feel rather idle myself. How long do I have to wait here with these metal mannequins.

COLLIS: The Figurehead will see you when she has assessed your friend.

CHARLEY: And how long will that take?

COLLIS: It depends on the results of his test, and his interview. If Mister C'Rizz is not thought suitable for a post here, he will not return.

CHARLEY: You mean she'll? No. Like that poor man outside?

COLLIS: I did explain that your performance would determine your future.

CHARLEY: Yes, but you didn't tell us we might not *have* a future. Look, Colin, or whatever your name is.

COLLIS: Collis.

CHARLEY: I have to take the test again.

COLLIS: That is not possible.

CHARLEY: But you don't understand. I was worried about the Doctor. I resented the way I was dragged in here. I, I deliberately flunked it. I gave all the wrong answers.

COLLIS: I'm sorry. Our procedures are quite clear. There is nothing I can do.

(Sizzle sound.)

CHARLEY: Ow! Oh, that's not fair! I wasn't thinking about. Oh, haven't you lot heard about giving someone the benefit of the doubt?

DOCTOR: I can see why you're unhappy, Kestorian.

KESTORIAN: Can you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: You're determined to do the right thing, to please the Clockwork Men. And every time they emerge from their Tower, every time they make a change, it's like a verdict on your efforts.

KESTORIAN: I abide by their manuals, I keep the project on schedule, but their interventions have only grown more frequent.

DOCTOR: You must wonder why they keep you here. What is your role, if the Clockwork Men

insist on making your decisions for you?

KESTORIAN: I am the King of Industry.

DOCTOR: And a wise and benevolent king you could be, I don't doubt, if you didn't spend your every waking tick trying to second-guess the demands of a bunch of faceless robots.

KESTORIAN: You claimed you were no longer a time-waster, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I'm not wasting time, I'm only trying to save it. How much time have you lost, going through the same motions day after day, round and round like the hands of a clock? And for what?

KESTORIAN: Oh, I am tired, I admit. Yes, I've shouldered my duties a long time, Doctor, but I cannot abdicate.

DOCTOR: Because of Zanith. You don't trust him to rule, do you.

KESTORIAN: He will be ready one day. He will learn the pendulum must swing low in order to reach its heights.

DOCTOR: You are the oldest man I've seen on this world, Kestorian. I'm sure the Clockwork Men must share your concerns, or else they would have retired you long ago. Is that not correct? And when I say retired, of course I mean murdered in cold blood. But then you seem to prefer your euphemisms. Zanith has no children, does he?

KESTORIAN: He will not take a wife.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, very sensible. So the crown can't pass to a second in line. They tried to condition him, of course, but if that didn't work

KESTORIAN: That is enough, Doctor. For all his faults, Zanith is my son and I will not hear these slurs against him.

DOCTOR: Your Majesty.

KESTORIAN: The purpose of this interview is to find a position for you. The role the Clockwork Men wish you to fill.

DOCTOR: Oh, but I thought we'd found it. You can't rule forever. I imagine old age is a foreign concept to you, but it will creep up on you one day, even if the Clockwork Men won't. You have to think about the future now or nothing will change.

KESTORIAN: But what can I do?

DOCTOR: It's already done. You've employed me as your advisor. I can help you, Kestorian. Ask me how.

KESTORIAN: How?

DOCTOR: I don't know. Yet. But I'll think of something. I expect.

C'RIZZ: Hello? Hello, are you still there?

FIGUREHEAD: I am still here, C'Rizz. I was distracted by another matter.

C'RIZZ: You were telling me about the old world.

FIGUREHEAD: I would rather speak of the new world. After my creators died, C'Rizz, I waited. I waited hundreds of years until this planet was once again inhabitable. Then I had my drones re-seed it with the DNA of its former masters.

C'RIZZ: I see. I think. They didn't want their race to die out. They built you to give them a second chance.

FIGUREHEAD: I am their guide, their Figurehead. My functions have been many, dependent upon the needs of the time. The first age was the Age of the Innovator, but that is long over. The Age of the Architect too has passed. I was the general when the threat of imaginary wars was needed to force the pace of technological change. Now, I ensure the Industry Project runs along efficient lines, that no resources are wasted. You may consider me an accountant.

ZANITH: Well, well. Worker Revnon.

REVNON: Your Royal Highness, please.

ZANITH: Was it only an hour and twelve minutes ago that you assured my guards of your devotion to duty? Yet now I find you in my father's dungeon on a charge of abetting a time-waster.

REVNON: I pleaded with Vannet to remain at her post. I worked in her stead so as not to delay Completion.

ZANITH: But you did not report her crime, and it is now clear that you lied to protect her.

REVNON: She is my sister!

ZANITH: And the manuals tell us our hands must not be held back by sentiment. No, Worker Revnon, you have proven yourself unreliable, and you know the project is overstaffed.

REVNON: You mean you, you're going to. No! One mistake, that's all. I have given a lifetime of service. No one has been more efficient, worked harder than I. I want to see the King. I demand an audience.

ZANITH: That is not possible. The King is occupied with his new friend, the Doctor.

REVNON: You mean the clock-stopper. You mean you're giving him what I? No! You know this isn't fair, Zanith.

ZANITH: You will be cut back at morning alarm. I will make the arrangements myself, and perhaps the Doctor will be allowed to observe.

REVNON: You can't do this to me! You've no right! You're the time-waster, Zanith. Everyone knows it. You're the one who ought to be cut back. I saw what happened in the market place. They won't let you do this! The Clockwork Men aren't on your side any more!

(Door slams.)

DOCTOR: I'm sure you're right. Unfortunately, Revnon, I'm sure they aren't on your side either.

COLLIS: Our lives were not always like this, Miss Pollard. The records show that things were different once.

CHARLEY: Then what went wrong?

COLLIS: Nothing went wrong. This is the latest step in our progress. We have built our civilisation, written our books, and fought our wars. Our buzzword now must be efficiency, and the Figurehead has identified areas in which

CHARLEY: In which she can work you to death. Doesn't that bother you? I know it does, Collis. I saw you altering your figures when you thought I wasn't looking.

COLLIS: You, you must have been mistaken. I assure you I

CHARLEY: And I don't know who this Vannet of yours is, but if you'll take that sort of risk for her, then you must know that what's happening here, what the Figurehead is doing, is wrong.

COLLIS: I am telling you

CHARLEY: It's all right. You're protecting her. I'd do the same thing in your place, if I could help C'Rizz or the Doctor.

COLLIS: I was terrified when they came for me. We were in the market place when everything. I saw them, and I was certain I was to be cut back. And I saw Vannet, frozen like everybody, everything else, and I was sure there was a hint of fear in her eyes, as if she knew what was happening, as if she saw them too.

CHARLEY: Maybe she did.

COLLIS: But then, then they brought me here, to the Figurehead, and she told me she had chosen me to work here, in the Tower. I felt so proud. It wasn't until later I found out why, when I obtained my wife's file and saw

CHARLEY: Then I was right. You did alter her records.

COLLIS: They knew Vannet was infertile. That was why they had chosen me, of all who could have done this job. Because my use to them outside was limited. I would not become a father. Do you see now? Vannet has only her stall. I have to make the Figurehead believe that she is a hard worker, the hardest worker. If I do not

CHARLEY: Then she becomes dispensable.

C'RIZZ: So, what am I doing here? How do Charley and I fit into this er, project of yours?

FIGUREHEAD: You are strangers to this world, C'Rizz. You may possess skills and knowledge beneficial to our work here in the Clock Tower. I would be foolish to overlook the possibility.

C'RIZZ: We just want to leave.

FIGUREHEAD: I cannot allow that. The workers outside must not know of our operations in here, nor can I take the risk that you would betray our secrets to a competing world.

C'RIZZ: Why would we do that?

FIGUREHEAD: It is my experience that few organic beings see the big picture. They live too short a time, and do not think about the world they leave behind. What about you? Do you understand the importance of time? Can you synch clockwise?

C'RIZZ: Er, I think so. What I mean is, I can see the sense of what you're saying, why don't you bring the Doctor here? He knows about time, he's a Time Lord. He's lived with Time all his life.

FIGUREHEAD: Why do you need the Doctor's validation? Why do you not trust your own mind?

C'RIZZ: Because I've seen what your robots do, how they brainwash people. I know how you work and you won't brainwash me. It's happened too often and too easily before. The Doctor's teaching me how to avoid it happening again.

FIGUREHEAD: Tell me about this Doctor.

C'RIZZ: Why?

FIGUREHEAD: He interests me. We cannot predict his actions, nor can the Clockwork Men remove him from Time, for he stands at the nexus point of countless billions of its fragile threads.

C'RIZZ: Remove him from Time? What does that mean? You tried to, you tried to bring him here, or

FIGUREHEAD: He proved immune to our conditioning. This is not unknown. It occurs in some four point two percent of organic beings.

C'RIZZ: Bring the Doctor here, talk to him. He's a reasonable man. A good man. Explain all this to him.

FIGUREHEAD: You believe that, that this Doctor is a good man?

C'RIZZ: The best I've met.

FIGUREHEAD: Then tell me how you came to that conclusion. Tell me what you have observed, and I will process the information and use it to inform my assessment. Tell me about the Doctor.

REVNON: You have some dial on you, Doctor, coming here. Does Kestorian know?

DOCTOR: As a matter of fact, he does. I've told him I can find a fugitive for him. Your sister, I believe.

REVNON: And you expect me to help you?

DOCTOR: If you know what's good for you. That isn't a threat, Revnon. You feel aggrieved and you've every right. You've worked all your life for King and world, for the Clockwork Men, and this is all the thanks you're getting, imprisoned like a common time-waster.

REVNON: No. This is the doing of the Idle Prince alone. Once the Clockwork Men see what

DOCTOR: Oh, come on, Revnon. You think they'll march in here and save you? Does that sound like their style?

REVNON: The Clockwork Men help those who help themselves.

DOCTOR: Tell me what happened in the market place.

REVNON: You know what happened. The Clockwork Men assisted Vannet's escape from the Watch.

DOCTOR: How did they do that?

REVNON: With a scarf. They tied it round the front legs of the leading Watchman's horse.

DOCTOR: Making her fall. Charley, what did I tell you about interfering?

REVNON: It appeared out of nowhere, Doctor. Between the tick and the tock. It can only have been their doing.

DOCTOR: If you believe that, Revnon, then you must believe that the Clockwork Men wanted Vannet to reach me. She was bringing me an important piece of equipment. If I can find her

REVNON: Why should I help you?

DOCTOR: She won't answer her telephone. She must be alone and afraid. Who else is going to help her?

REVNON: There have been people, just a few people, who have fled to Languor and not been seen again.

DOCTOR: Or brought back and cut back.

REVNON: Is that what the King told you?

DOCTOR: No, that was a lie. You've been lied to all your life, and that's how easy it would have been for me to do the same. But I want to be honest with you.

REVNON: Vannet fled the market place. I don't know where she went.

DOCTOR: But you know where she might hide.

REVNON: And if I tell you, Doctor, what about me? What happens to me then?

FIGUREHEAD: It is not easy to impose efficiency upon beings who are, by their nature, weak and inefficient. As they improve their quality of life, so too do they grow more tempted to enjoy that life at the expense of further progress. That is why we have expanded our operations inside the Clock Tower. We are now collecting more data on the Industry project than ever. And this must be analysed, collated, and filed. The Clockwork Men must be maintained and programmed. I believe you can assist us in these necessary tasks. The results of your aptitude and attitude tests were encouraging. You scored well on problem solving skills and demonstrated a high state of alertness. And while I'm not fully convinced that you appreciate the importance of Time, you are certainly receptive to new ideas. Therefore, C'Rizz of Eutermes, I am pleased to offer you the position of Data Transcript Clerk in our Organic Resources Department. You will begin work immediately.

VANNET: How did you know I'd be here?

DOCTOR: I spoke to your brother.

VANNET: Is he okay? The Watch

DOCTOR: Revnon will be fine. When I freed him from Kestorian's dungeon he promised me he'd keep his head down.

VANNET: He was such a hard worker, and I stopped his hands.

DOCTOR: He told me that you used to come here when you were children. He said that this was the office

VANNET: Where our father worked, before it was closed, like so many of the offices. Before he was cut back.

DOCTOR: Revnon wanted to be here. He was worried about you. But I didn't think it was a good idea for all of us to be seen together, and I needed to find you, Vannet. I know you have the device.

VANNET: The vortex

DOCTOR: Shield resonator. That's right.

(Drawer opened, object unwrapped.)

DOCTOR: If only Charley hadn't helped you escape. It might have been better if the Watch had brought you to the Castle, but then they might have taken the device, even destroyed it. It's always so hard to predict how Time will play out its game.

VANNET: Here, I hid it in the back of the drawer for safe keeping.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Vannet. Now, let's hope it works. It's been some time since I last (Device starts whirring.)

VANNET: Doctor, your blue cabinet. It seems so small on the outside, and yet when I did as instructed, when I opened the door

DOCTOR: Yes, Vannet, I know.

VANNET: It's as if, as if the cabinet, it was a doorway to the Clock Tower itself. Is that where you come from, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh, no, no, no, no, no. That's not it at all. Although you may have a point, Vannet, if the Clock Tower does transcend. Yes, yes, that would explain why the sonic screwdriver wouldn't. Ah ha!

VANNET: The device works?

DOCTOR: Well, partially. If I could get it into the throne room. But to do that without the Clockwork Men seeing? No, no. No, no, no. Much safer, I think, if I could just boost the signal. I don't suppose when they closed down this place they left the electricity supply connected?

VANNET: There'll be a generator on the ground floor as always.

DOCTOR: Splendid. Then let's get down to work, shall we?

C'RIZZ: Collis? Collis?

CHARLEY: C'Rizz, what happened? What did she say to you?

C'RIZZ: Oh she, I think she offered me a job, but she said. Collis, the Figurehead said something about another worker. Making room.

COLLIS: Yes. Worker Jarris has been cut back. You will take her place. I am to instruct you in your duties. As if I haven't enough to do.

CHARLEY: You mean they've killed again, don't you. Your Clockwork Assassins.

C'RIZZ: She lied to me. She told me she was trying to help your people.

COLLIS: What did you expect? There are no posts to fill.

CHARLEY: It isn't your fault, C'Rizz.

C'RIZZ: I knew I shouldn't have listened to her.

CHARLEY: And I suppose it's my turn now. To see the Figurehead, I mean.

COLLIS: In fact, Miss Pollard, your appointment has been rescheduled. The Figurehead has more pressing business.

(Mechanical walking.)

CHARLEY: And where are they going in such a hurry?

C'RIZZ: Does it matter? There are still two of them to watch over us.

CHARLEY: Which we both realise is more than enough, so there's no need to shoot us again.

COLLIS: The Figurehead has decided how to deal with your friend, the Doctor.

CHARLEY: Ha. And I suppose she wants to kill him, too.

C'RIZZ: They can't do that. Well, the Figurehead said, she said the Clockwork Men can't affect the Doctor. Something about Time.

COLLIS: They can't remove him from the time stream. But there are other options.

CHARLEY: What's wrong with you, Collis? I know you have feelings. Why do you pretend not to care about anything that's not signed in triplicate and stamped and filed and signed again.

COLLIS: The project is important. Nobody can be allowed to jeopardise it.

CHARLEY: No? And is that what you'd say if it was Vannet out there? Vannet who was going to die?

C'RIZZ: Sorry, Vannet? Who are you talking about?

COLLIS: There is nothing to be done.

CHARLEY: And you're quite sure about that, are you? Because I'd rather you agreed to help us because you understand how we both feel about the Doctor, than because I had to threaten to tell the

COLLIS: I think you misunderstand me. There is nothing to be done because it is already too late. The time is fourteen minutes to six. The Clockwork Men left the Tower a second ago and have now returned. They have carried out their orders.

ZANITH: It just seems odd, Father, that forty four minutes ago you were ready to downsize the Doctor, and yet now

KESTORIAN: What can I do, Zanith? Evidently the Clockwork Men don't wish him dead.

ZANITH: But I cannot believe they would approve of giving him this much freedom. What is wrong with you? Even I would never provoke them so openly.

KESTORIAN: And yet I'm still here. Perhaps I too am indispensable.

ZANITH: You really think he will help us?

KESTORIAN: I think somebody must. I think it is time things changed, Zanith. I think

(Strangled sounds.)

KESTORIAN: Zanith!

REVNON: No, Your Majesty. Stay back.

(Sword drawn.)

REVNON: I don't intend to use the Prince's sword on you, but I will if I must.

ZANITH: (strangled) Revnon.

KESTORIAN: Unhand my son. I will have you cut back for this.

REVNON: It has already been arranged, Your Majesty, but if I am to die it will be as I've always lived, in the service of the Clockwork Men. Industry will be a more efficient place without its Idle Prince. You know I speak the truth, Your Majesty. You know that Zanith deserves to be cut back
(Sword falls to the floor.)

KESTORIAN: Zanith. Zanith? Are you all right?

ZANITH: I (cough) I'm fine. I am keeping time. It seems you were wrong, Revnon, wherever you are now. The Clockwork Men are still on my side. Now, where were we, Father?

VANNET: Doctor, what does a vortex

DOCTOR: Shield resonator.

VANNET: What does it do?

DOCTOR: Well, if I can connect it to this generator despite the differing levels of technology, and if its circuits will bear the extra load, the resonator ought to negate the effects of any time altering equipment. It's designed for personal use, really. Protection for engineers working in the vortex, but. There, that ought to do it. If we can't get into the Clock Tower, maybe I can get its occupants to come out to us. In real time, not sneaking through the cracks in between time.

You're being very quiet, Vannet. Is anything

(Vannet screams.)

DOCTOR: Vannet!

(Thumping noises.)

VANNET: Must die. The Doctor

DOCTOR: Listen to me, Vannet. Listen to my voice. This isn't you. The Clockwork Men must have got to you before I could amplify the resonator's signal. They've brainwashed you. I am your friend, Vannet. Your friend.

VANNET: Die, Doctor.

DOCTOR: You can resist them, Vannet. I know you can. That's why I came to you.

VANNET: No.

DOCTOR: You had the courage to question the Clockwork Men. You didn't just follow them blindly like everybody else. Remember what you said, Vannet. Remember what they did to your husband.

VANNET: Collis.

DOCTOR: That's right, Collis. You remember him, don't you. And you don't want to hurt me, Vannet. You've been a slave to the Clockwork Men all your life, and now it's time to break free.

VANNET: I, I don't want to hurt you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It's all right, Vannet. You weren't yourself. But you're back in your right mind now. You beat them. You beat the Clockwork Men. And now that the resonator is working, they won't have a chance to affect your

(Breaking glass.)

DOCTOR: Mind again. Although, of course, they could already have done more harm than I thought.

(Smashing sounds, angry mob.)

[Part Four]

MOB: Doctor die! Doctor die!

(Running.)

VANNET: There's no escape this way, Doctor. We'll be cornered.

DOCTOR: Look for something, Vannet, anything that can buy us time.

VANNET: That bin. But what use is a few more seconds? Look, Doctor, through the window. Dozens, hundreds more of them. It seems as if everybody's against us.

DOCTOR: Only those that can be brainwashed. I'm surprised at you, Vannet. I thought the Clockwork Men would at least torture you. But every second is precious.

VANNET: I have betrayed them, haven't I? I've turned anti-clockwise and this is the consequence.

DOCTOR: No, Vannet, that's fear talking.

VANNET: What have I done? I've caused this chaos. I've risked Completion.

DOCTOR: And that, if I'm not mistaken, is a residual trace of the Clockwork Men's conditioning. Listen, Vannet. I know you fear change, that's only natural, but sometimes the only way to make something right is to tear it down.

VANNET: The Clockwork Men see clockwise for us. They set the goals that give our lives meaning. Without them, we would share the fate of the old world.

DOCTOR: I knew a man who thought like that once. A man who became obsessed with the future, with predicting and planning for every variable, and lost himself in the big picture. But the more he planned, the more he gained, the more he realised that he was losing the one thing most precious to him.

VANNET: And what was that?

DOCTOR: He only wanted to be more human.

CHARLEY: The Doctor can't be dead. Check that clipboard of yours. That'll tell you he can't be!

COLLIS: It doesn't work like that, Miss Pollard. The Doctor was alive when the Clockwork men last saw him but

CHARLEY: There, you see?

COLLIS: But they turned the whole of Industry against him. He can't survive.

C'RIZZ: You obviously don't know the Doctor.

COLLIS: When the King next files a report, or the Clockwork men leave the Tower, we will know. No. No.

CHARLEY: What's wrong?

COLLIS: Revnon. They cut him back. But why? Why would they? He was efficient, conscientious, he kept his hands turning. And he worked in Sanitation Services. They weren't over staffed.

C'RIZZ: So, now you know how it feels to lose someone.

CHARLEY: C'Rizz.

COLLIS: You think I don't know? You've been here two ticks, Mister C'Rizz. For us this is a way of life. We make friends, fall in love, and it's all snatched from us in a tick of a tock.

CHARLEY: He must have been a good friend.

COLLIS: Revnon? I hated him. He was officious and arrogant. He made Vannet miserable, always disapproving, driving her to meet his impossible standards. But he was her brother, and she's suffered enough heartache.

C'RIZZ: Now what's happening?

CHARLEY: It's just the Great Clock, C'Rizz, chiming six.

COLLIS: It can't be. There are still four minutes to go.

CHARLEY: Then it must be running fast.

COLLIS: Impossible! No, the Figurehead is sounding an alarm. But I've never seen. Oh.

CHARLEY: What's wrong?

COLLIS: These readings. I don't understand. It looks as if our machinery, the devices that allow the Clockwork Men to work in between times, it no longer functions.

C'RIZZ: So you can't freeze time or whatever it is you do? Good. Then the people are safe from your robots.

COLLIS: But the project! Time is passing, tick by tock, and we can't stop it, can't intervene, can't change its course until it's already too late. What will we do?

CHARLEY: Blow the project, Collis. Don't you see what this means?

COLLIS: No. The Figurehead won't let this happen. She won't let us fail. That's what the alarm signifies. She's made a decision. She has authorised extreme measures.

DOCTOR: Quick, Vannet, the mop. Push it through the door handles. Vannet!

VANNET: It's no use, Doctor. This is the roof. We can't climb any higher. And the Great Clock, why does it chime so?

DOCTOR: I imagine its occupants have just discovered, here, let me take that, the effects of the vortex shield resonator.

VANNET: That won't hold them for long.

DOCTOR: Then it's a good thing your ancestors thought they needed so many of these office buildings, and built them so close together. Come on. If we can find a building with a fire escape ladder. You do have fire escapes, don't you? Yes, of course you do. You wouldn't want your paperwork to get burnt.

(Running.)

VANNET: Even if we could evade the mob, Doctor, what stops them from destroying your device?

DOCTOR: Their orders are to destroy me, Vannet, and your Clockwork Men don't exactly promote lateral thinking. If they want to shut down the resonator, they'll have to do it themselves.

VANNET: You really think they'll come out of the Clock Tower?

DOCTOR: I don't think they have a choice. They can already hear the bell tolling. Now hold on to me, Vannet.

VANNET: You don't mean.

DOCTOR: We don't have a choice, either, I'm afraid.

(The mob breaks down the door.)

DOCTOR: It's a very narrow alleyway. Hold on to me and don't look down.

(Run, Vannet screams.)

ZANITH: What is this racket?

KESTORIAN: Something is wrong. Zanith, the manuals tell us that the Great Bell is only rung like this in times of crisis.

ZANITH: The manuals are full of lies.

KESTORIAN: And they say that at these times the Clockwork men will leave the Tower to take control of the project.

ZANITH: This is your fault, old man. Why couldn't you have remained the faithful lapdog you have always been?

KESTORIAN: We have both failed them, my son. Now Industry will have its revolution after all. (Grating sound.)

ZANITH: Well, I'm not waiting here to be cut back.

KESTORIAN: We cannot run from them any more than we can run from the passing of time.

ZANITH: Come with me, Father.

KESTORIAN: I am sorry, Zanith. It had to end this way. Go.

(Footsteps approach, grating sound. Running feet. Footsteps stop, ticking noise.)

KESTORIAN: My lords, I throw myself upon your mercy. I know you will do only what you must do to bring the project back on schedule. I regret that I have become too old and tired to see clockwise. My spring has wound down and my cogs turn slowly. I am ready for retirement.

C'RIZZ: This is the Doctor's doing. It has to be. He's given us a chance.

COLLIS: What, what do you mean?

CHARLEY: Oh, come on, Collis. You aren't one of those poor brainwashed masses out there. You've seen the Clockwork Men. You know what they're doing to your world.

COLLIS: And if we resist them

CHARLEY: If we resist them, you might be rid of them forever. Isn't that worth taking a risk?

C'RIZZ: You said most of them have left the Tower. That just leaves these two, and I don't care if they can see the future, there must be some way to trick them or

CHARLEY: You won't get a better chance than this. Time is passing, Collis. We can't stop it now, we can only make the most of it.

(Sizzle!)

COLLIS: Ow! You see? There's nothing we can do that they cannot predict.

C'RIZZ: But you're thinking about it, aren't you. Why else would that Clockwork Man have just shot you. We're getting through to you.

COLLIS: No, there is nothing you could say, nothing that would make me. I am loyal to the Figurehead, to the project. I. Oh no, no. These reports. It can't be.

C'RIZZ: What's happened? Tell us what's happened, Collis!

COLLIS: It's your fault! You and your clock-stopper friend. He's ruined everything. I understand now. That's why I was disincentivised. The Clockwork Men knew I would see this and they thought when I knew

CHARLEY: It's Vannet, isn't it.

COLLIS: It can't be. But the Clockwork Men are never mistaken. She, she's the Doctor's accomplice!

(Background of howling mob.)

VANNET: For generations, the Clockwork Men had hidden from their subjects in the Clock Tower. They'd built legends around themselves and we believed in them. We thought we knew them. But we knew nothing. Now, we saw the blank faces of our gods at last and we did not know how to react. Some people, like the King, fell to their knees. They begged for forgiveness, for more time, but the Clockwork Men did not hear their prayers. They were concerned only with the Doctor and with the device that had robbed them of their power over us. Other people were angry. You must understand. We did not need proof that our gods existed, for we had not doubted it. When the Clockwork Men finally showed themselves, all it revealed was that they had lied, some of us reminded of what we had forgotten. Of how we had seen them in the time between times, that they had used us. But still we were afraid. At least, that's how it was at first.

(Walking.)

VANNET: How can you be certain, Doctor, that this will work?

DOCTOR: I can't, Vannet, but I've learned to rely on my friends. Call it instinct, call it trust, call it a familiar voice in the back of my head, but I'm certain that Charley and C'Rizz made it to the Clock Tower. And now we've drawn out the Clockwork Men

VANNET: We'll never reach the castle. They'll find us soon.

DOCTOR: Yes, well, that's one way of looking at it.

ZANITH: It is the only way, Doctor.

(Sword drawn.)

VANNET: They will find us.

ZANITH: We cannot deceive the Clockwork Men. We cannot hide from them.

DOCTOR: But perhaps we can gain their favour by handing their enemies over to them. Is that right, Zanith?

ZANITH: Blame yourself for this, Doctor. It is thanks to you that the project is in chaos, that the Clockwork Men have taken to our streets. Our system may not have been perfect before, but it was stable. It ran like

DOCTOR: Clockwork. I know.

ZANITH: Now we are all in danger.

DOCTOR: You were always in danger, Zanith. All I've done is brought your enemies out into the open. You can see them now, and that means you can fight them.

VANNET: No!

ZANITH: They have already killed my father.

DOCTOR: No, no, don't do this to me. Now, you've fought the Clockwork Men all your life,

Zanith. This is no time for a religious conversion. I'm sorry about Kestorian, but do you really want to take his place? Is that how you want to live?

ZANITH: I have no choice. The Clockwork Men see clockwise. They can destroy us in the tick of a tock.

DOCTOR: Can they? I doubt that. The workforce of Industry has been cut to the bone already. How many more people can you lose? How many more cutbacks before your precious project collapses around your ears? How long, do you think, before your subjects realise that the Clockwork Men can't afford to harm them?

VANNET: They need us.

DOCTOR: Rather more than you need them, I'd say.

(Sword sheathed.)

ZANITH: What would you have me do?

DOCTOR: Getting the Clockwork men out of the Clock Tower was only the first stage. Now I need to get into that Tower myself, before they can destroy the resonator and return.

ZANITH: That is impossible.

VANNET: The Doctor has a plan.

DOCTOR: Friends on the inside, you might say, but first we have to get to the castle without being seen. Are you with us, Zanith?

CHARLEY: We have to do something. Something unpredictable.

C'RIZZ: Something that the Clockwork Men can't anticipate.

CHARLEY: Like making lots of escape plans and choosing between them on the roll of a dice. There are only two of them. They can't react to six possibilities at once.

COLLIS: They would only have to shoot you to prevent all six.

CHARLEY: That's their answer to everything.

C'RIZZ: We walk away from them, all three of us, in different directions. We keep walking, even if they shock us. They can only follow two of us. The third can get out of here and find the Doctor.

COLLIS: They can do more than shock, Mister C'Rizz. They would probably kill Miss Pollard.

CHARLEY: What? Why me?

COLLIS: You have no value to the project. Mister C'Rizz and I have jobs inside the Clock Tower, but you are expendable.

CHARLEY: Hmm. Of course, the work must go on.

C'RIZZ: So you're saying they can't hurt us, you and me.

COLLIS: They *can* hurt us, but they won't incapacitate us if they can help it, because there's no one to replace us.

C'RIZZ: And the Clockwork Men are programmed above all to keep the project on schedule.

CHARLEY: Well, they aren't doing a very good job of it. Ever since that bell rang, no one's done a stroke of

(Sizzle!)

CHARLEY: Collis!

COLLIS: That's it! Miss Pollard, that's it! The Figurehead is directing dozens of Clockwork Men outside. Even she can't attend to everything at once.

(Sizzle!)

COLLIS: Argh! There are hundreds of administration workers in this building. They don't know what's happening and just for these next few minutes, for the first time in their lives, they don't have anyone to (sizzle!) argh! guide them.

CHARLEY: Leave him alone!

C'RIZZ: No, Charley, you mustn't provoke them. I'll try (sizzle) ow!

CHARLEY: Oh, C'Rizz, no.

COLLIS: It's so simple! I should have seen it before. All I have to do to defeat the Clockwork Men is (sizzle) argh! is climb up onto my desk. (sizzle)

VANNET: I think that's when I started to believe in gods again, or perhaps for the first time, when Collis, my wonderful, brave Collis, my lover and protector, came back to me on the very day that my brother was lost. It felt as if there was some purpose to life, some grand design that had nothing to do with Clockwork Men, and although I was dismayed to learn why he had been taken, it didn't really matter. Not then, not any more. It was Collis who started the revolution inside the Clock Tower. He knew the Clockwork Men. He knew how they worked. And more importantly, he knew people. He knew that once he stood up on that table, one of two things could happen. He could appeal to his co-workers, tell them that this was their best chance to throw off their chains. Some would listen while others would be afraid. Or the Clockwork Men could kill him. They could lose their best worker, impede the project. And it would do them no good, because they would only be making Collis's point for him anyway. They'd be demonstrating that they had lost control. That was their weakness. The Clockwork Men could see the future, but this once they were helpless to prevent it.

ZANITH: Father. Father, I thought you were. What happened? Did they speak to you? Is everything turning clockwise again? Are we to be cut back? I never thought I would see you back on that throne, but Father, why are there two Clockwork Men in here? Are they holding you prisoner? Father, speak to me!

KESTORIAN: Zanith, my son. I'm gratified you have returned. A revolution would have been inefficient. Despite the persuasions of the Clockwork men, there are those who would not have accepted new blood on the throne.

ZANITH: You've surrendered to them, haven't you. You've agreed to do their bidding.

KESTORIAN: I will rule until I die. I was foolish to think otherwise even for a single tick.

ZANITH: You will rule, but over what, Father? What sort of world will we have now that they have shown themselves? You are a prisoner. You have always been their prisoner.

KESTORIAN: Then join me in my gilded prison, my son, for all our sakes.

(The Clockwork Men move.)

ZANITH: No. What's happening? Where are they going?

DOCTOR: I suspect they're reacting to the possibility of my entering the room about now. I think you were right, Vannet. It appears they can see clockwise.

VANNET: Keep hold of my hand, Doctor. Hold me and I will not be afraid of these machines.

DOCTOR: No reason to fear, Vannet. You are protecting *me*, remember? You are indispensable. As long as you are between me and them, they can't hurt either of us. But there are two of them. Zanith?

ZANITH: Yes, Doctor. Yes. Yes, I will do this. (footsteps) I'm sorry, Father. I was never able to live the life you wanted for me.

KESTORIAN: Zanith.

VANNET: I thought they would have spoken to us, or hurt us.

DOCTOR: They can't speak, Vannet, and it would do them no good to hurt you. They can see that. Thank you, both of you.

ZANITH: Then they will do nothing.

DOCTOR: They can't see an immediate future in which they kill me without jeopardising their long-term goals, so they will do nothing. Yes, until their colleagues can destroy the vortex shield resonator.

ZANITH: Then they will be able to hide between the tick and the tock again, to programme us in secret.

VANNET: They'll condition me again, won't they.

DOCTOR: I think it's likely. Zanith here is, of course, immune to their techniques.

VANNET: I will try to resist them too.

DOCTOR: I'm hoping it won't come to that, but we don't have much time.

ZANITH: What do we do?

DOCTOR: We wait.

(Running, then breathless.)

COLLIS: Can you see them? Did they follow us?

C'RIZZ: I think they had too much else on their minds.

COLLIS: I cannot believe it has come to this.

C'RIZZ: Ah, you did well, Collis. I just wish we hadn't lost sight of Charley. I hope she's okay.

COLLIS: So much damage already. My co-workers, I have never seen them like that, destroying everything we have built. And we can't stop it now.

C'RIZZ: We have to help them. We can't just hide here.

COLLIS: So angry, so afraid. I cannot believe you made me do this.

C'RIZZ: You did the right thing. I'm sure that's what the Doctor would say. Look, he's fighting them, the Figurehead and the Clockwork Men, and we have to do the same.

COLLIS: Vannet. I never thought she would defy them.

C'RIZZ: She wasn't happy with her life, you said so yourself. Now we have a chance to help her.

COLLIS: And Completion, Mister C'Rizz. What about Completion? The Figurehead may be cruel, uncaring, but she is building for the next generation. What kind of a world can we leave them if we, if we stand idle.

C'RIZZ: And what kind of a world is this? The Doctor would say. No, I, I say we should make the most of the lives we've been given. Build for the future, yes, but not at the expense of your own happiness.

COLLIS: We, we could be together again, Vannet and I.

C'RIZZ: It has to be okay to live in the present sometimes.

COLLIS: What do you suggest we do?

C'RIZZ: I think we should destroy some equipment ourselves. The machines that are malfunctioning, the ones that give the Clockwork Men their powers, we should make sure they can't be repaired.

COLLIS: They would not allow it!

C'RIZZ: Wouldn't they? You know the Clockwork Men, Collis. If they weren't occupied elsewhere, if they thought they could stop us, wouldn't they be here already?

(Grating noise, clockwork ticking.)

ZANITH: It looks like this is it.

DOCTOR: Indeed.

VANNET: Doctor, who are all these people? Where are they coming from?

DOCTOR: Workers from inside the Tower, I would guess.

ZANITH: I recognise some of their faces. Worker Cowan, he was cut back two months ago.

VANNET: Then not everyone who was taken from us

CHARLEY: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Charley! Charley, look out!

(Sizzle sounds, roar of the mob.)

VANNET: Doctor, what are you doing? It's not safe.

CHARLEY: Doctor!

ZANITH: No, his actions are correct, Vannet. (loud) All of us should follow his lead! Fight the Clockwork Men! (sword drawn) Show them we will not be enslaved any longer!

(The mob roars.)

CHARLEY: They're doing it! They're pulling the Clockwork Men apart!

VANNET: But there are more of them marching from the Tower.

CHARLEY: Only two more. We can deal with them.

VANNET: No, Charley, you must not involve yourself. The Clockwork Men cannot hurt us, but they'll try to kill you, and the Doctor says you're precious to him.

CHARLEY: I've heard good things about you, too.

VANNET: He must be protected. You and the Doctor.

CHARLEY: Okay, I won't argue with that, but in all this bedlam, oh, I can't see him, Vannet. I can't see the Doctor!

DOCTOR: Ah, and you must be the megalomaniacal computer behind this sorry state of affairs.

FIGUREHEAD: You. Do you realise what you have done?

DOCTOR: I've brought down an unjust society in a little over two and a half hours. Not my best time, admittedly.

FIGUREHEAD: For generations I have kept this world competitive. Now you would destroy the profits of that work. You would deny us Completion.

DOCTOR: Completion. That word again. What do you want, Figurehead? When will you be happy? When your people have mastered space travel, when they've conquered the galaxy or the universe, or discovered everything there is to know?

FIGUREHEAD: We must be flexible, Doctor. We are continually informed by new data, challenged by new threats. We adapt our goals and methods to the prevailing conditions.

DOCTOR: Then I was right. You'll never let them go.

FIGUREHEAD: I have guided this project from the start. I took the organic resources I was allocated and evolved them into a workforce.

DOCTOR: And soon you'll have no need of them at all. They're a step away from mechanisation outside the Clock Tower. Soon you'll be able to replace your organic resources with electronic ones.

FIGUREHEAD: We will achieve completion by the most efficient means available to us.

DOCTOR: Oh, yes. You're only doing what the people of the old world programmed you to do, I know that. It's just a shame that you've forgotten why.

FIGUREHEAD: You have a weapon, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh, this? (clang) Picked it up in your office. It belonged to a workstation, I think, until somebody tore it apart. Normally, of course, I wouldn't approve of such wanton vandalism.

FIGUREHEAD: Do you think me helpless? I am the Figurehead, the primary spring that turns the cogs in the Industry project. I am surrounded by forcefields. I have backup files in databanks across this planet. And I have already summoned my Clockwork Men to deal with your intrusion. How much time do you think you have, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I don't intend to attack you, Figurehead. There's no need. Your project is crashing down around your processors. Your people are reclaiming what you stole from them.

FIGUREHEAD: My Clockwork Men

DOCTOR: Can't hope to defeat free will. They can't deal with it because the possibilities it offers are unlimited. Now you can stay in your reinforced bunker raging impotently against life for the rest of Time, if it's what you wish. I have only one thing left to do here.

FIGUREHEAD: No. You cannot! You must not!

DOCTOR: You see, I know what it's like to have an obsession, to spend every waking moment working towards an impossible goal, and I wouldn't wish that on anybody.

FIGUREHEAD: You are idle, Doctor. You lack motivation so are jealous of those who have earned their success.

DOCTOR: Actually, I think I do quite well. What's more, I've learned to enjoy my work again. Your people have been enslaved to the beat of your Great Clock for too long, Figurehead. It's time it was stopped!

(Crash on metal on metal.)

FIGUREHEAD: No! No! Argh!

(Happy voices in the background, occasional birdsong.)

VANNET: When the Great Clock stopped, it was a sign to everybody in Industry. A sign that the reign of the Clockwork Men was over. They had no purpose now, no time to keep, whereas we had all the time in the world. I heard that many of them did not resist as the mobs dismantled them. They had already seen the future, and they knew they had no place in it.

COLLIS: And we all lived happily ever after.

VANNET: Collis! I didn't see you there.

COLLIS: Are the children not tired of this story by now? They must know it by heart.

VANNET: Prince Arni wanted to hear it again. He asked why the hands of the Great Clock don't move, why they still show sixteen minutes past six.

COLLIS: The time of our emancipation.

VANNET: I think it's important they know. But I tell them of the old world too. I encourage them to work hard. I tell them that now we must decide for ourselves what makes our lives worthwhile.

COLLIS: We each choose our own path towards Completion.

VANNET: And I like to answer their questions, to hear them laugh and gasp and talk. So, if they want to know about the Clockwork Men, then I'm happy to tell them about the Figurehead and the project, and the life we used to live.

COLLIS: A long time ago.

VANNET: Once upon a time.

KESTORIAN: I wish you and your friends would stay, Doctor.

CHARLEY: Oh, you know the Doctor, Your Majesty. Always itching to get to the next adventure. He doesn't like to stick around too long after the monsters are defeated.

KESTORIAN: But there is so much to do. Now more than ever I need the services of my advisor.

DOCTOR: Nonsense, Kestorian. I think you've always known what's best for Industry.

KESTORIAN: Even if I was afraid to act on my beliefs?

ZANITH: We were all afraid, Father. I have been afraid all my life.

KESTORIAN: But you fought anyway, Zanith. You should be sitting on this throne in my place.

ZANITH: Perhaps. In time.

C'RIZZ: So, what's the first thing you're going to do, Your Majesty?

CHARLEY: He'll declare a public holiday, of course.

DOCTOR: Speaking of which, we must be leaving. Places to see, people to be. A sun-drenched beach, wasn't it? Or a half-decent party?

C'RIZZ: Yes, I seem to recall it was a Bandril spaceship.

DOCTOR: Hmm.

KESTORIAN: Stay a few days at least. Join in the celebrations.

CHARLEY: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh, well, I don't suppose it could do much harm in the grand scheme of things to take a short break, refresh the brain cells.

CHARLEY: Am I hearing this right? What about your work? Danger and injustice and all that.

DOCTOR: You're right, Charley. We've got work to do. But it can wait until tomorrow.